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PEAK OF PICO.

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On the world of waters, the navigator, whose destination is the Azores, wishing for this completion of his voyage, strains his eyes from afar, to discover the Peak of Pico.

The object so called is a high mountain of a conical form, which is seen at an immense distance, and bears considerable resemblance to the Peak of Teneriffe. Its height is said to have been found, on measurement, to reach 7,032 English feet.

The Azores, or Western Islands, are nine in number, and were discovered by the Portuguese before the year 1429. They were named from *ácor*, a falcon, on account of the number of goshawks which were found there, remarkably tame, as neither man nor quadruped was then found on the island to molest them.

The king of Portugal gave the islands to the duchess of Burgundy, his sister, in 1466, and they were colonised by Flemings and Germans. Among these was Job de Huerton, the father-in-law of the geographer, Behaim, and Lord Moikirchen, whom war and famine compelled to fly from his home, Flanders. He established himself at Fayal, and appears to have been sub-
no. 1257.

sequently favoured by the duchess of Burgundy.

The Azores are subject to volcanic eruptions, and new islets have frequently appeared. It is positively stated, that in the year 1720, an English captain saw one emerge from the sea, with an awful explosion, equal to that of a train of artillery. In 1811 very remarkable appearances were observed. From the bosom of the deep, flames were seen to burst, and something like a host of skyrockets seemed to spring from the sea. New land, it was expected, would present itself, but the rocks, thus thrown up by the volcanic power, did not rise above the surface of the water.

In some of these islands there are springs so hot that they actually scald, and will boil an egg in the space of two minutes.

A dismal and strange spectacle was witnessed on the 9th of July, 1757, when St. George's, Pico, and Fayal, which are five leagues asunder, and Terceira, which is twice that distance from St. George's, were suddenly shaken to their foundations by an earthquake. The first shock lasted two minutes; the sea overflowed, the islands were filled with ruin and desolation, and many persons lost their lives. The conse-

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quence of this remarkable convulsion was, eighteen little islands gradually rose from the ocean, distant only about ten yards from the north coast of St. George's. After a few months they disappeared.

The Azores lie between the 37th and 40th deg. of north latitude, and the 25th and 32nd deg. of east longitude. A considerable trade is here carried on. The steep sides of the Peak of Pico are clothed with vines. They give a wine which is in some respects like Madeira, but not equal to it. At the foot of the mountains it is remarkably beautiful and luxuriant.

HISTORY OF THE WITCHCRAFT FRENZY OF SALEM.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

The subject of witchcraft is now almost exploded, and it might therefore prove interesting to some of our readers to give a brief account of the last great outburst of popular superstition and tragic auto-da-fé, recorded in the regions of acknowledged christianity and civilisation. Standing where we do, with the lights that surround us, we look back upon the whole scene as an awful perversion of justice, truth, and reason. Although the above-mentioned place is thus signally distinguished, or rather disgraced, it must not be forgotten that our own country is implicated in the same reproach, and that there are extenuating circumstances, which enter into the spirit and conduct of the then bewildered age, which call for our compassion and sorrow, rather than our indignation or aversion.

The ferment and delusion we are about to describe took place in Salem, in the colony of Massachusetts, about one hundred and fifty years ago. What renders it more important and interesting to the historian and philanthropist than any other similar previous outbreak, is the fact of its being the last mania of this nature. It was here as in the natural world, the darkest part of night ushered in the morning dawn. Superstition then received a deadly thrust, from which it has never recovered, in addition to which the progress of sound and correct religion still further extended and established the reign of truth, common sense, and goodness.

We may often observe a close connection and sympathy between public events, though of apparently dissimilar character. It was so, at least, in the present instance, for the time when the events we are about to relate took place was the darkest and most desponding period in the whole history of New England. The people

whose ruling passion then was—as it has ever since been—a love for constitutional rights, had a few years before been thrown into dismay by the loss of their charter, and from that time had been kept in a feverish state of anxiety respecting their future political destinies. In addition to all this, the whole sea-coast was infested with hostile privateers. Ruthless pirates were continually prowling along the shores—commerce was nearly extinguished, and great losses had been experienced by men in business. A secret expedition against Canada had exposed the colonies to the vengeance of France. The inland frontiers were constantly harassed by the warlike and vengeful incursions of the Indians in alliance with that power. In the year 1708, several hundred Algonquin and St. Francis Indians, under the command of French officers, fell upon Haverhill about break of day, on the 9th of August, consigned the town to conflagration and plunder, massacred the minister of the congregation, the commander of the place, together with nearly forty others, and carried many more into captivity.

The descendants of the Puritans were, more than any, predisposed to superstition, especially such as is now under view. It exactly consorted with that gloom and moroseness, which largely entered into their religion. They were also too ready to fall into dissensions and bitterness, and to break out into factions, and we need not therefore be surprised at the unhappy and unholy strife which preceded this great and awful tragedy.

The following circumstances originated this celebrated mania. Two female children, belonging to the family of the Rev. Mr. Pains, one his daughter and the other his niece, with a young female in the neighbourhood, like many of our own sex in our own country in the present day, began to act in a strange and unaccountable manner. In consequence of this, their family and friends were much disturbed; and sending for physicians, one of them came to the decision that the children were bewitched. This disease proved contagious, and many other girls began to exhibit the same fatal symptoms. Amongst other things, it is stated that they would creep into holes, put themselves in odd postures, and break forth into loud outcries and incoherent jargon. The neighbourhood became alarmed, and at the advice of the minister of the town, betook themselves to fasting and prayer, invoking the interposition of Providence to rescue them from the great enemy of mankind. Special days were devoted to this object. The public consternation was still further excited by the violent convulsive fits with which these children were seized. Many

came from curiosity, and all were constant in their inquiries. The public mind being thus raised to a ferment, the instigators, as it is believed, of the pretended sufferers, began to bring forward the victims of their spite. An Indian woman, attached to the minister's family, was the first who had the misery to lie under their accusation. By dint of terror or stratagem, she was prevailed upon, as many others in this country have been, to confess that she was in league with the evil one. Up to that time, many were suspicious of the stories that had been circulated, but this public confession at once confirmed the credibility of the witnesses in the public mind; and such was the consequent excitement, that any few who might yet be exercised with doubts, were afraid to own their scruples. These girls, thus emboldened, immediately accused, or as the phrase was, "cried out upon" two old women, who were immediately thrown into prison, and put in irons. Their number was soon frightfully augmented, and all who had any private vengeance to wreak, who were excited by a morbid love of notoriety, or who were afflicted with various ailments, would unite in accusing unfortunate persons at all open to suspicion. Amongst others was a poor old woman, who, when carried into the meeting-house, fell down upon the floor, overpowered with despair, uttering loud screams. She clasped her hands, upon which the bystanders declared that she pinched them. Pressing in agony her withered lip, they cried out that she was biting them; some declared they could show the marks of her teeth upon their flesh. If excited by the scene, and ready to faint, she leant for support on the side of the pew, they would fearlessly exclaim that they were crushed; or if she changed her step, or moved a pace, they pretended that their feet were in pain. All this was performed under the sanction and support of religion, the ministers of the neighbourhood attending, and engaging in the most solemn and impressive religious services. But the foul and malignant accusers would not rest content with these assertions, but boldly declared that they had witnessed their diabolical meetings, and had beheld them sign the book of Satan with their own blood. To what fearful extent will not slander proceed?

Extravagant as these assertions were, they passed almost uncontradicted, even by the wise and good. The only persons of note who were inclined to be incredulous, were the Rev. Samuel Willard of Boston, and Major Salterstall, who publicly opposed such proceedings, by retiring from the bench. It may easily be imagined what a fatal opportunity was thus afforded to the wicked and malicious; how it would ope-

rate like the Spanish inquisition — dissolve the securities of society, and make every man a terror to his neighbour. All business was laid aside, and to universal stagnation, was added universal dejection, alarm, and distress; far greater than that known in popish countries of old, when laid under the bane of Rome. The rich, if unpopular, were the first to fall victims to their unpopularity, and even the most virtuous were not permitted to escape. Amongst others, they accused the Rev. Mr. Willard, the author of a book entitled "Body of Divinity," and a relation of the celebrated Dr. Mather, who has been styled by Elliott, "the father of the New England clergy." It is even asserted by a contemporary writer, that they went so far in their daring as to impeach the wife of the governor, and one of the judges of the court. But they at length carried their presumption too far. For, accusing the wife of the first minister of Beverly, public opinion, hitherto almost unshaken in the faith they reposed in their proceedings, began to waver, and, finally, to resist. Mrs. Hall was both distinguished and beloved for her many virtues; and superstition itself, though it struck them, like the traveller assailed, by what is called a deaf wind, could not assent to such slanders on so fair and venerable a reputation. The delusion ceased; one of the most awful tragedies known in the country came to a close; and the tide that threatened to overwhelm everything in its fury, sunk back in a moment to its peaceful bed. Few similar instances can be recorded of a revolution in opinion, so sudden, so rapid, and complete.

The following is an interesting narration of escape effected by an adventurous and spirited young man, who fled with his mother, who otherwise would have fallen a victim to popular fury. He protected her concealment until the delusion had passed away; erecting a wigwam for her shelter, providing her food and clothing, and surrounding her with every comfort he had power to bring. The poor creature, however, had one of her limbs fractured in the all but desperate enterprise of rescuing her from prison. Upon the termination of the excitement, the violence of which, as just stated, destroyed itself, all who were confined in prison were set at liberty. A report being raised that they would be arraigned, the people, who had already suffered sufficiently, immediately endeavoured to bury the whole imposture in oblivion.

The evidences by which their convictions were procured, were much the same as in our own country, though less complicated and cruel. It was supposed that a witch could not weep. The body was pierced with pins, and if, as might be expected in aged persons, any spot was found insensible,

to the torture, it was regarded as an ocular demonstration of guilt. Anything strange or remarkable that could be discovered on the person, history, or deportment of the accused was permitted to be brought against them in evidence. It was believed that the witch—a term in New England not restricted to the female sex—had a peculiar power of fascination; that a certain invisible fluid darted from her eye, which penetrated and bewitched the brain of the object of her attack. But all the evidences of this sort that could have been adduced, would not have been sufficient to have brought in the accused guilty, and confirmed in the minds of the people in that delusion, had it not been for the confessions. Fifty persons, many of them previously of the most unquestionable character for intelligence and piety, acknowledged the truth of the charges of the indictment, and confessed to a diabolical compact. Some of the particulars of these confessions have been preserved—such as their riding on sticks through the air, all the way from Andover to Salem, the exact spots where they celebrated the sacraments of the devil; whose person and deportment were described with considerable minuteness. He was represented as appearing in the guise of a well-dressed black man, and the hour of meeting was generally that of deep midnight. But he was also believed to assume a variety of shapes, such as those of an Indian, a negro, a goat, and sometimes a huge black dog.

It seems difficult to account for the success of this imposture, which was carried on so long, and which must have been so egregiously open to suspicion. Imagination, educational belief, and superstition will not suffice. We can only explain it by referring it to the power of combination on the part of the accusers. When two or three instances had been established, the accusers carried away by a spirit of malice, or ambition, or superstition, were hurried forwards, and concentrating their cunning influence and energies, deemed nothing too daring for future enterprise. If fully aware of their imposture, they must have been some of the most arrant wretches that ever breathed; uniting in themselves almost every crime which belongs to incarnate fiends. From this combined power they could put down all opposition, so that any who might entertain doubts of the truth or justice of their proceedings, and attempt to arrest the march of phrensy, were either prevented from fear, or if sufficiently courageous to make the attempt, which few would, be immediately held up to public censure, if not indignation, as almost atheists, and frequently accused to the danger of their life. The magistrate of Andover, after committing about forty persons to jail, concluded he had done enough, and

declined to arrest any more. In consequence of this, they forthwith arrested him and his wife, who at once fled from their pursuit for fear of being hanged as witches. A man employed to guard the prisoners, having the humanity to sympathise with the sufferers, and the courage to express his unwillingness to continue any longer in the odious employment, was accused by the afflicted children, and condemned to death. He escaped from prison, but being retaken, to their inexpressible consolation, he was hanged, and they were thus relieved from their apprehensions. Sinclair, in his work called "Satan's Invisible World Discovered," gives the following affecting declaration, made by one of the confessing witches as she was on her way to the stake:—"Now all you that see me this day, know that I am to die as a witch, by my own confession, and I free all men, especially the ministers and magistrates, of the guilt of my blood; I take it wholly upon myself; my blood be upon my own head. And as I must make answer to the God of heaven presently, I declare I am as free of witchcraft as any child; but being delated by a malicious woman, and put in prison under the name of a witch, disowned by my husband and friends, and seeing no ground of hope of my coming out of prison, or ever coming in credit again, through the temptation of the devil, I made up that confession on purpose to destroy my own life, being weary of it; choosing rather to die than live."

After the exposure of the guilty perpetrators of this awful scene, it seems as if the community could not recover from a sense of the injury inflicted on the innocent. A resolution was introduced into the general court, nearly fifty years afterwards, by Major Serrall, for the appointment of a committee to make inquiry into the condition and circumstances of individuals and families, that might have suffered from the "calamity of 1622," as it was called. The resolution was passed unanimously, and the house expressed a desire to compensate them either by money, or a township of land.

We need not be surprised at the infatuation of the people of that day, when we remember that about the same time, in our country, even Richard Baxter, Edmund Calamy, and Matthew Hale, names dear and venerable in the estimation of all virtuous and pious men, were deluded by that infamous wretch, Matthew Hopkins, who assumed the title of the "witch-finder general." Even so late as George the Second's reign, we find Dr. Watts professing his faith in witchcraft, though not according belief to any particular alleged instances.

But we are not writing on the subject of witchcraft generally, nor have we time to

dwell on the moral lessons taught by the above painful narrative. It were easy to adduce from it important suggestions respecting our moral and intellectual nature; to cause light to shine from its dark folds, and beam upon our path, and to gain from this and other similar histories, such a train of reflections as might confirm us in a grateful sense of the blessings we enjoy, in the possession of enlightened reason, in the choice revelation of religious truth, and in the discoveries of science. The images and visions that possessed the bewildered imaginations of our forefathers have flitted away, leaving us standing in the clear sunshine of reason; and we can exclaim with the great master of the drama, and of human nature—

"See! they're gone—
The earth has bubbles, as the waters have,
And these are some of them: they vanished
Into the air, and what seemed corporal,
Melted as breath into the wind!"

THE FISHER'S COT.

BY A BLUE-COAT.

"Reach me another log, Bridget," said Walter Stapleton, an old weather-beaten fisherman to his wife, as he roused the slumbering embers in the grate into a hearty blaze.

"A sad and sorrowful night," said she, "this will doubtless prove to many mothers, whose husbands or sons lie beneath the dark sky, sheltered only by a few fragile planks from the fury of the merciless tempest."

"Aye, truly so," responded old Walter, gazing with an experienced eye upon the broad expanse of waters, and on the dense clouds that were gathering over the horizon. "The surf beats heavily in the bay, but methinks the vessels in the offing are prepared for the worst, and may He who rules the winds and waters, be with them in the hour of danger."

"Amen," uttered Bridget, with fervor. "Many a time have I kept watch upon the beach when your boat was off the shore, and many have been my prayers for your safety, Walter; He has heard them, aye, and will extend his care to those who pass this night upon the deep."

At this moment a flash of lightning, vivid indeed, burst through the darkness, lighting up their cottage for the moment, and discovering Alice, their only daughter, who was seated upon a bed in a corner of the hut, mending her father's nets. To this succeeded a crashing peal of thunder, booming along as it rolled over their heads. Large and heavy drops of rain began to fall, pattering against the craggy casement,

and the wind, which now blew in strong gusts, shook rudely the poor fisherman's door, which, being constructed of old ship timber, afforded little security against the violence of a less mighty storm than this promised to be.

Old Walter rose from his fire-side corner, and proceeded to strengthen the door by a strong cross-bar of oak, and then resumed his seat.

The silence of the inmates of the cottage was only interrupted by the boisterous wind and the roar of the thunder, which seemed to threaten destruction to their dwelling—about to burst on their hut like a mighty avalanche upon the home of the Swiss mountaineer.

This silence continued unbroken for some moments, and what wonder? upon whom has not such a tempest, when raging in its full majesty, had a similar effect? Who can behold with feelings, from which awe and wonder are alike banished, the partial disarrangement of the universe, and the mysterious commingling of earth, sky, and water? The emotions of the fisherman were varied, he was grateful for his own safety, yet desirous of being of service should any mariner attempt landing in spite of the foaming surge. Bridget's feelings were perhaps more selfish, but still they were such as ennobled the heart of woman. She saw that the partner of her happiness and sorrow—her all in all was sheltered beneath his own roof—she was satisfied. But who shall probe Alice's heart, and from the secret recesses of that shrine be able to divine the cause of her silence. Was it that the terror inspired by the tempest found a home in her bosom, tenanted by congenial feelings, or were her thoughts all centred upon one object, and that one far distant?

On a sudden a gun was heard, as though it were the signal of a ship in distress, and Walter, starting up, issued from his hut to the beach, wrapped in a coat of coarse woollen material. His eye was strained in every direction, and his ear listened attentively to catch the sound of a second signal, but in vain; and he returned to his cot low and dispirited. "Surely she cannot have gone down," said he, "and all hands perished, but the morrow will decide; doubtless some piece of the wreck will be washed ashore."

Alice now joined her parents round the hearth, and the flame soon burst forth again, cheering them the more, as the wind whistled without.

"Was that a tap at our door," softly inquired Alice of her mother.

"No, child, 'twas but the wind."

"Hark, I hear it now plainly," said Walter, and at this moment footsteps and voices were heard.

Old Walter unbarred the door instantly, and four neighbouring fishermen entered, bearing in their arms the body of a man pale and haggard; down his face flowed a stream of blood from a terrible gash in his forehead, his eyes were closed, his hands clenched, and had it not been for a slight tremulous motion in his lip, and an almost imperceptible pulsation in his heart, it would have been difficult to say, from his appearance, that the vital spark had not fled for ever. They laid him on the bed; but the fishermen could give no other information than that they had found him stretched at the foot of the rock, bleeding profusely. Of the cause of his wound they could render no account. This being the nearest cottage they thought it best to leave him there; and Walter promised to tend the stranger well, and never was Walter's promise lightly heeded. The good dame Bridget stanchd the wound, and bound it up with the care of a mother for the child of her heart. The stranger opened his eyes once, and stared vacantly around him, but soon, from weakness and exhaustion, his heavy breathing assured the cottagers that a deep sleep had fallen upon him.

The stranger slumbered on: once or twice the kind-hearted matron stole softly on tiptoe to the sufferer's couch, and gazed upon that face, which, though marred and disfigured by so hideous a gash, exhibited features upon which no sculptor would disdain to cast his eye. Various were the surmises of the cottager and their daughter relative to the handsome stranger; but so deep an air of mystery brooded over the whole matter, that their thoughts only became more confused, in proportion as they yielded themselves up to the tide of reflections, which the events of the night suggested. Gradually, very gradually, the night waned away, dull and wearisome was it to the fisherman and his family; but at length morning dawned; and as soon as the first streak of light peeped in at the casement, as though it were too modest to effect a bolder entry, and too timid to dislodge the last dim shades of grey-hooded twilight, Walter gently threw open the window to give admittance, as he said, to a little of Heaven's pure breath. In it came, so softly and stealthily, as though it were aware of a sick inmate, telling tales of rifled rosebuds, and bearing upon its wings the spoils of a thousand flower beds, all mingled in one delicious odour. How it played upon the fevered brow of the sleeper; first waving one curl and then crisping another, as they hung in dark disorder over his forehead; then whispering words of health and happiness into his ear, w steeped his senses in delightful dreams of green lanes, sunny fields, and a bright

unclouded sky; those creations of the great architect of all things, which we estimate lightly in our hours of health, but which we learn to prize so highly when stretched upon a sick bed, feverish, low, and debilitated. But they were at the best, poor, empty dreams, and the sufferer soon awoke to realities. His eye passed quickly round the cot, resting with astonishment upon each fresh object it met; but at length a sudden light seemed to flash upon him, and the events that had transpired on the previous evening passed in review before him. Under the influence of some sudden impulse, he raised himself on the bed, and essayed to speak, but his tongue refused its office, and the words died away upon his lips, or, if uttered, were heard by none save Heaven. The good Bridget was overjoyed at the change that had taken place in her patient, the fever had abated, consciousness had returned, and reason again reasserted her sway; she presented to his parched lips some warm milk, which he swallowed eagerly, and assured him that he was beneath the roof of those who would not abate their care and attention till he was again restored to perfect health.

Thrice blessed are such works as thine, Bridget; their measure of reward is not meted out fully in this life—they boast indeed a far more enduring substance.

We will not weary the reader by numbering the hideous days and sleepless nights that were added to the past ere the stranger rose from his couch, with such scenes, doubtless, all have been painfully conversant. When his strength was partially restored, his favourite spot was a seat close to the entrance of the cottage, where he would bask in the sunshine, and enjoy the warm summer breezes, watching the flights of the birds of passage, or listening to the songs of the light-hearted fishermen. Still, whenever the circumstances under which he first gained an entry into the cottage, were recalled to his memory, he seemed to labour under great uneasiness; and when questioned as to cause of his wound, he would preserve a deep silence.

"Mystery again," said old Walter to himself, "nothing but mystery."

He then questioned Alice, who, in consequence of the daily employments of the old couple, had become the companion of their inmate's rambles, but from her he could glean nothing; a seal was set upon the stranger's lips, and no tongue, save His, could tell the transactions of that night.

But their surprise for the past was speedily lost in their alarm for the future. He was in the habit of leaving the cottage at midnight, and of remaining abroad till morning dawned. This was done repeat-

edly, till old Walter's suspicions were aroused, for, as he argued, "Dark must those deeds be that require the dead hour of the night for their performance; black must be that man's character, who would shrink from the bright searching eye of day to work his will." And then his affection for his daughter prompted him for the moment to banish the stranger from his door, lest her happiness should be blighted for ever through his iniquitous deeds. For the thought now flitted across his mind that Alice's heart was more closely linked to the stranger than he had previously dreamt of; that the interest which she had felt for him at the first, had grown into a stronger attachment, which had ripened into love—might it not be that they twain were already in heart but one—"Mystery again," thought Walter, "who shall solve it?"

On the following evening, the stranger left the cottage at the usual hour, and during his absence, Walter made his wife acquainted with his fears. For a long time they conferred on the course that should be pursued, when in the midst of their conversation the stranger burst into the cot, pale and trembling, and staggered to a seat. In an instant all the resolutions they had so lately formed, deserted them, and Bridget said, in a kind tone, "What ails thee?" This question only served to heighten his confusion, he sat speechless; now his face glowed with a flush of unearthly excitement, the next moment, a hue was there ghastly as that which steals over the features, when the link that binds soul and body is torn asunder for ever. His eye flashed wildly bright, but its fire paled away. His lip quivered, but silence still sealed it, and a second time the kindly question was addressed to him, "What ails thee?" Alice, who had hitherto been an unmoved spectator of the scene before her, now rose, and entreated him to disclose the cause of his agitation; she prayed him with tears to calm his emotions, and to reveal to her, at least, the secret mystery which exerted so powerful an influence over him; she clung to him; and pouring forth all the endearing titles that her guileless heart suggested, persuaded him to let her know all, who should rightly be the partner of his grief and sorrow. Such power has the music flowing from the lips of a beloved one, even over the heart of the guilty, whatever may betide; its charm, is, and ever must be, irresistible. The stranger moved towards the door, and motioned to Alice to follow him, but he still preserved a deep silence. Sad and sorrowful was that walk on the beach, mournful visions seemed to flit indistinctly across Alice's eyes, sounds of wailing to swell on the midnight breeze; she felt

that chilling sensation creeping over her limbs which a painful foreboding of evil ever creates; she looked on the scene around her—all was dark and mournful as her inward thoughts and feelings. Who has not like Alice, before the outbreak of some calamity, experienced the mystic agency of some self-created harbinger of sadness? But can the loftiest mind of feeble man trace out the secret spring within itself, can it comprehend or explain the movement of its complex machinery, by which the imagination pourtrays so truly the dim shadows of the future? They proceeded onward along the beach, till the stranger halted behind a shelving rock, and pointed out to the notice of his companion, traces of blood in the sand. Alice sprang from his grasp, and followed the red track, till she arrived at the body of a man stretched lifeless at her feet; the cold chill of death had breathed over his brow, and a small circular hole in the forehead testified too clearly as to the manner of his death.

He had pistols in his possession, one of which lay beside the corpse.

She stooped to recognise the features of the dead man, uttered a piercing shriek, and sank on the beach beside him. One moment she lay there, pale as the victim by her side, and then starting up, she fixed her eyes upon her companion, who quailed, for the first time, beneath a woman's gaze; and, bursting into a loud hysteric laugh, she bounded up the cliff, clambering from crag to crag with a fearfulness and agility that would have struck wonder into the heart of the mountaineer, accustomed from his early days to pursue such dangerous feats. The stranger made an ineffectual attempt to detain—she eluded his grasp. Again the wild burst of laughter pealed upon his ear, he watched her receding form till it was altogether lost among the rocks, and then burying his face in his hands, hurried from the harassing scene, a self-convicted murderer.

The grey light of early morning had dawned upon the inmates of the cottage—but where was Alice? Walter, alarmed at the prolonged absence of the pair, had left the cot in search of them. He had followed the print of footsteps in vain. Suddenly his experienced eye saw an object in the distance—it might be Alice—he redoubled his pace—he approached it—yes, it was she. He pressed her tenderly to his heart, and reproved her gently for her absence. A tear of joy rolled down the furrowed cheek of the old fisherman; he had found his only earthly treasure. "Come, my heart's comfort," said he, "let us return home," at the same time encircling her waist to support her.

She disengaged herself from his arms, and seating herself at his feet, plucked a

handful of various grasses, and kissing them, placed them in her bosom, muttering confused expressions, and sobbing violently; in the next moment a loud peal of laughter burst from her lips; 'twas not the overflowing of a gay and lively spirit; 'twas but the faint echo of what had been, lingering like the melody of a dying strain, wild as ever, though reft also of its sweeter tones and mellower harmony; an unearthly fire played about her eye, lighting up her pale features, at times, as if in mockery; but the poor fisherman stood heart-broken, gazing at her, the idol of his soul, a living wreck! The lamp of reason was extinguished, the all illumining light within, that greatest boon of Heaven, had sunk into profound darkness apparently for ever.

(To be continued.)

SUGAR CANE AND SUGAR MAKING.

The sugar question, recently presenting itself to public notice, has naturally suggested some inquiry into the history and manufacture of this very important article. Familiarised with its use, and accustomed to connect it with the necessities of every establishment, there are, nevertheless, not wanting many to whom its origin and character are yet unknown.

Assuming, therefore, that the results of our own research may not be unacceptable to those who have hitherto received this important article of colonial growth, without seeking any acquaintance with its culture, or the process by which it is fitted for consumption, we briefly record them.

Despite of zealous efforts of many persevering and gifted inquiries, the early history of the sugar cane would still seem to be shrouded in considerable obscurity; although these exertions have furnished indubitable evidence of a familiarity with the use of this valuable plant, at a period much anterior to that which has been usually assigned to it.

Specious arrangements have not been wanting to prove it indigenous to the soil of the North American continent. The testimony, however, of the learned Humbolt is conclusive to our minds against that supposition.

Some two thousand years before the introduction of the sugar cane into Europe, the Chinese exclusively possessed the knowledge of its culture, and the proper adaptation of its produce to the purposes of life, while the other nations of the East, to whose soil it was indigenous, continued far behind the Celestials in the acquisition of this auxiliary to a most lucrative branch of commerce. An inquiring spirit, and a

natural desire to increase their commercial wealth, at length fully possessed them with the secret of rearing this hitherto neglected plant, and extracting its saccharine wealth. Yet with this important acquisition, a selfish and illiberal policy prevailed. The last known of the eastern products, caused an uniform rivalry among the natives of India on account of the inviolable secrecy which it was necessary to observe in order to retain so profitable a traffic in their own hands; and hence the ignorance respecting its nature and properties, which reigned during the period immediately preceeding, and for generations subsequent, to the christian era. Strabo, 320 B.C., speaks of it as a kind of honey which formed itself without bees, while Seneca, 52 B.C., considered it as the effects of a shower from heaven falling upon the leaves of the reed.

The restrictive policy which so long confined the knowledge of the cane, and its properties, to the natives of the Indian archipelago, is more strikingly manifest in the singularly imperfect acquaintance on this subject displayed by the Greeks and the Romans, with whom they traded. Among the ancient writers, the authority of Dioscorides and Pliny need only be quoted as illustrating this fact—the former of whom described the sugar as “a sort of concretioned honey found among canes in India and Arabia Felix, in consistence like salt, and like it brittle between the teeth;” while the latter, writing at a much later period, considered it as the concretion of the reed formed in the manner of gum.

To Marco Polo, in 1250, the earliest European pioneer of the country where the cane actually grew, much is due for his zeal in disabusing the public mind respecting their preconceived inaccurate opinions, and for stimulating the merchants in establishing its cultivation and manufacture in Arabia Felix; whence, having taken firm root, it rapidly spread to Nubia, Egypt, Ethiopia, &c.

Long antecedently to this period, however, the sugar cane was introduced into Europe by the Saracens. The earliest notice on record is about the period of the ninth century, although there can be little doubt of its arrival at a still earlier date.

Its introduction into Sicily and Spain in the twelfth century, was succeeded, on the discovery of the New World by Columbus, by its transit to those congenial regions, where it has since flourished to an almost inconceivable extent.

The cane thus introduced and now cultivated in the West Indies, *saccharum officinarum*, is a knotty stalk, growing to the height of six or seven feet, and composed of joints to the number of sixty or seventy of a quarter of an inch in width, from each of which buds and leaves display themselves

regularly, alternating on the opposite points, each bud possessing within itself the germ of a new plant.

Perforated with not less than fifteen hundred sap vessels, its beautiful and simple structure manifests its peculiar adaptation for the due secretion of its invaluable mucous juices.

In the culture of this plant, the land or cane piece, as it is more usually denominated, selected for the purpose, is first divided into rows about two feet apart. These are then formed into square patches of eighteen inches across, and a foot in depth. The hole is then banked up on every side by hoeing, and manure placed in it, and it thus remains until the planter is ready to commence operations, which is usually between the months of August and November. The ground thus prepared, the cuttings, which consist of the tops of the cane, taken off at about the fifth joint, are placed longitudinally in the ground—not more than three in each hole—and covered with earth to the depth of one or two inches merely. At the space of a fortnight after planting, the young shoots present themselves above the soil, a portion of the earth which had been hoed up on the margin, is added, and this replenishing process is continued throughout the development of their progress, and in about fifteen months from their first planting, the cane is ripe and ready for the bill-hook. Although many external appearances serve to indicate the period of its maturity, yet in a point involving so much risk to the planter, more certain and scientific modes are adopted. The following, which is at once simple and infallible, is generally pursued:—An incision being made in the cane, the juice which exudes is exposed to the action of the atmosphere. If on this experiment, it yields a deposit of sweet, white, brittle particles, no further evidence is sought of high perfection, and all are pronounced ready for the harvest.

The canes thus ripe and fit for cutting, are, in the first place, denuded of their upper joints, for the purpose of propagating new plants, and these are carefully deposited in a shady situation, until consigned to the plantation prepared for their growth. The remaining portion of the cane is then cut close to the root, and being bound together in bundles, is conveyed by mules or oxen in carts to the mill where the first process of manufacture commences.

The site of this building is always selected with reference to the other departments connected with the manufacturing process, embracing in immediate contiguity the boiling-house, curing-house, still-house, &c. To these several departments an uninterrupted fall from the mill is essential, in order to aid the passage of the expressed

juice to its appointed reservoirs. Lethargy as may be the general habits of the negro race, nothing can be conceived more stirring than the scene on a West India sugar estate when the busy mill and its auxiliaries are once set in motion. The preparatory duties of cleansing, furnishing, and lime-washing every article to be used, are quickly succeeded by an animated succession of more lively employments, which follow each other in rapid sequence, to avoid the evils of fermentation, which a single hour's delay would engender in these warm latitudes.

On arriving at the mill, which is under the surveillance of a trusty negro, the canes are twice submitted to the ordeal of crushing, the expressed juice straining itself through sieves into a tank below, while the ground cane, or magosa, as it is called, passes through the mill wall, to be conveyed to the trash-house, and dried for fuel. From this cistern the juice passes through a wooden trough, lined with metal, to the boiling-house, where it is received into a large vessel called the clarifier, containing about 400 gallons, and exposed to the heat of the furnace and simmered, the scum rising to the top being continually removed. After this application of heat and clearing, the purified juice is drawn off by a cock, and passed to the first evaporator, a vessel of similar dimensions to the clarifier, where it is for the first time permitted to boil, and, if necessary, cleared by the addition of lime water, the scum being removed and disposed of as before.

The second evaporator is the next recipient of the liquor, where, purified and reduced as in the former cases, it is prepared for introduction to the third boiler, from whence, after undergoing its necessary purgation, the reduced syrup is drawn off to the teache, or final boiling copper. Here the combination of increased heat and skimming reduces it still further, and now requires the aid of the practised superintendent to judge of its condition for crystallisation. This test is usually effected by placing a small portion of the boiling liquid on a piece of glass, and then exposing it to the atmosphere, when, if the process is perfected, the crystal deposits readily, forms, and only leaves it to be drawn off to the coolers.

These vessels, which are large wooden troughs, generally occupying a locality adjoining the boiling-house, receive the syrup, which is then left to granulate. This conversion effected, nothing remains but to convey it to the curing-house, where, over a large tank, hogsheads are ranged on joists of wood, with small apertures, plugged by cane, for the molasses or moist impurities to drip through.

After remaining a sufficient time to effect

this essential finale, the casks are shipped for Europe.

Raw or Muscovado Sugar is the result of this process; but that which is termed *Clayed Sugar* is subjected to somewhat different treatment.

On reaching the teache, or final boiling vessel, to which we have above referred, the syrup is exposed to a less degree of heat, and subjected to more extensive skimming. It is then placed in coolers alongside the teache, and after crystalising, the sugar is put into conical earthen vessels, pierced at the bottom with a small hole; moistened clay is then placed over the base of the cane, the water percolating through the mass, cleanses the sugar, and carries down any impurities or portions of syrup which yet remain.

This application of the filtering is thrice applied, the sugar is then removed, dried in the sun, and finally all moisture evaporated in a heated stove; the mass is then pulverised and packed in hogsheads for exportation.

(To be continued.)

The Wandering Jew

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "*Student's French Grammar*," translator of *Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite,"* &c.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE DISCOVERY.

A few moments after Florine had decided on placing the papers where she had found them, the Mayeux returned from the factory, where she had accomplished her painful task in respect to Angele, whom the poor girl, after a long conversation, advised Agricola to marry.

The following scene was transacting while Florine was reading the fragments of the journal.

It was ten in the evening. The Mayeux, entering her apartment, broken down with fatigue and painful emotions, threw herself into a chair. The most profound silence reigned in the house, which was occasionally broken by sudden gusts of wind that shook the trees of the garden.

Seated in an arm-chair, her arms crossed upon her knees, the countenance of the young girl was expressive of sadness, mingled with resignation.

"At least," said she to herself, "I shall now no longer be agitated by foolish hopes, and ridiculous suppositions. The marriage

of Agricola will put an end to the idle dreams of my poor head."

After remaining absorbed in reflection, the Mayeux rose, and going to her desk, said, "My only consolation will be in confiding to this mute witness my troubles and afflictions. At a future period, when reading these pages, I may find consolation in that which now afflicts me so much."

Saying this, the Mayeux, looking in her drawer, started back in surprise at not finding her journal, and she became pale, and her knees shook, on perceiving a letter addressed to her in its place.

On opening the letter a cheque for 500 francs fell upon the table—and she read as follows:—

"Mademoiselle,—Your history is strange and interesting. That portion of it which relates to your love for Agricola, will be submitted to him, for I cannot resist the pleasure of making known your passion, persuaded that he will not be insensible to it.

"To share the gratification which I have enjoyed with others, the whole shall be printed, as good things cannot be too widely spread. Some will weep, others will laugh; such is the world. One thing certain is, that your journal will make a noise, depend upon it.

"As you may be desirous of withdrawing after this triumph, and as you were only the possessor of rags when you entered this house, where you wish to ape the lady, which ill becomes one of your engaging appearance, 500 francs are enclosed in this letter for your manuscripts. Should you be modest enough to withdraw, from the felicitations that will be showered down upon you to-morrow, when your journal will be in circulation, you will not be without resources.

"One of your sisterhood,
"A TRUE MATEUX."

This insolent letter, which appeared to be written by a laquais jealous of the position of the unfortunate girl, had been conceived with skill, and likely to produce the desired effect.

"Oh God!"

These were the words uttered by the young girl in the midst of her consternation. This new stroke acted like a thunderbolt, and for several minutes she remained stupid and bewildered.

That hospitable house, in which, after so many vicissitudes, the poor Mayeux had secured a refuge, she must quit for ever. The fear and delicacy of that innocent creature would not allow her to remain longer in a house where the secret thoughts of her soul had been so shamefully abused, and which soon would reflect upon her derision and contempt.

She did not think of demanding justice from Mademoiselle de Cardoville. To bring trouble into the house which she was about to leave for ever appeared to her ungrateful. She did not try to guess the author of so odious a theft, and of such an insulting letter. What good could result therefrom? She had determined to fly from the humiliation with which she was threatened.

In calmness she rose; her looks a little haggard; her eyes tearless—for she had wept the whole of that day; approached the table, and wrote on a piece of paper, which she left with the clerk:—

"May Mademoiselle de Cardoville be blessed for her good deeds, and may she pardon me for leaving her house, in which I can no longer stay."

The poor girl threw the infamous letter in the fire, then casting a bitter look around her elegant room, a sudden thought seemed to strike her, and she trembled convulsively.

Resolved on leaving, she made a few steps towards the door; then recollecting that the clothes she wore did not belong to her, and that the letter had spoken of her rags, she said to herself, with a bitter smile, "Yes, that is true, I would be called a thief if I were to go away with these garments."

She then brought from a closet her old clothes, which she had preserved as a *souvenir* of her misfortunes. At that instant the tears ran down her cheeks; they were not tears caused by the recollection of her misery; no, they were tears of gratitude, for everything that surrounded her, to which she was bidding an eternal adieu, brought to her recollection the kind acts of Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

After having dressed herself in her old clothes, she fell upon her knees, and in a voice, broken by sobs, she cried, "Farewell! Farewell for ever, you who called me friend and sister!"

The Mayeux rose with terror; she heard footsteps in the corridor which led to her apartment. They were those of Florine, who, when too late, was taking back the journal.

Frightened, the Mayeux left her room, crossed the hall, reached the court, and disappeared by the door which the porter opened to her.

Adrienne, in the Mayeux, lost a devoted and faithful servant, and Rodin freed himself from the active and penetrating judgment of one who instinctively suspected him.

Having guessed that the Mayeux, from her confusion at his first interview, was strongly attached to Agricola, and knowing that she was poetically inclined, the Jesuit logically supposed that she must have written verses, breathing her hidden and

fatal passion. Consequently he ordered Florine to search for some written acknowledgment of her love, which she found; hence the horrible letter, of the contents of which, we must state, Florine was totally ignorant.

We said that Florine, yielding to her generous impulse, reached the Mayeux's room as the poor girl left the hotel. Florine startled at seeing the black dress of the Mayeux, and her heart sank within her on reading the few lines that the poor girl had left by the side of the check.

Florine seeing the inability of carrying her resolution into effect, sighed, and took the journal away to give it to Rodin.

Next day Adrienne received the following letter, in answer to one she had sent respecting the inexplicable departure of the Mayeux:—

"MY DEAR MADEMOISELLE,—Obliged to call, on an affair of gravity, at the manufactory of the worthy M. Hardy, I must defer the pleasure of seeing you till another time. You ask me, 'What do you think of the disappearance of the poor girl?' In truth I can scarcely say; only remember what I told you at Dr. Baleinier's respecting a certain society, and the secret emissaries with which it surrounds the persons in whom it has an interest.

"I blame no one; but look well at the facts. That poor girl accused me, and I am, you know, one of your most faithful servant. She possessed nothing, and 500 francs were found in her desk. You overwhelmed her with kindness, and she abandoned your house without accounting for her strange conduct.

"My dear mademoiselle, I have a repugnance in accusing any one; but reflect well, and be upon your guard. You have, perhaps, escaped from great danger. Be watchful, and trust no one. This is the respectful advice of your humble and obedient servant,

"RODIN."

CHAPTER XIV.—THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE WOLVES.

On a Sunday morning, the same day that Adrienne had received Rodin's letter relating to the disappearance of the Mayeux, two men were seated in one of the taverns of the little village of Villiers, situated at a short distance from M. Hardy's factory.

This village was mostly inhabited by quarrymen and stonecutters, who were employed in the neighbourhood. Nothing is more toilsome and less remunerated than the labour of these men; and their hard fate formed for them a painful contrast to the comfortable condition in which M. Hardy's men were placed by that gentleman's ge-

nerous and intelligent superintendence, and by the principles of association which he had established amongst them.

Misfortune and ignorance always produce great evils; the former is easily irritated, and the latter, at times, yields to the persuasions of perfidy. For a long time, the happiness of M. Hardy's men had naturally excited envy, but not jealousy or hatred; however, as soon as the secret enemies of the manufacturer, in conjunction with his rival, M. Tripeaud, had an interest in disturbing this peaceful state of things, a change was effected. By diabolical perseverance and address, the worst passions were enkindled. Chosen emissaries addressed themselves to the workmen in the neighbourhood, whose misery was aggravated by their own misconduct, and who, turbulent, audacious, and energetic, could easily intimidate their more peaceful and industrious companions. By exaggerating the happiness of M. Hardy's workmen, a jealous hatred was excited in the minds of these turbulent fellows, who were already soured by misfortune, and a powerful effect was produced on their wives, by the incendiary sermons of an abbé, belonging to the Jesuits, who had come from Paris for the purpose of preaching, during Lent, against M. Hardy. Profiting from the increasing alarm which the cholera, at that time inspired, the abbé struck their weak and credulous minds with terror, by representing M. Hardy's factory as a sink of corruption and iniquity, capable of drawing on the whole district that avenging scourge of Heaven. The irritation thus excited, was still further augmented by raising one of those terrible questions, which, unfortunately, sometimes end in bloodshed.

A considerable number of M. Hardy's workmen, before they entered his employment, belonged to a society called the Devourers, while many of the stonecutters and quarrymen of the neighbourhood, belonged to another society which went by the name of the Wolves. These two societies had always been opposed to each other, and their rivalry often led to scenes of deadly strife. For several days past, the Wolves, excited by secret agents, ardently desired to have a battle with the Devourers, but the latter did not frequent the taverns, and rarely left the factory during the week, so that the Wolves were obliged to wait till the following Sunday.

Such was the ferment that agitated the little village of Villiers on Sunday morning, when the two men we have spoken of were seated in a private apartment of one of the taverns.

One of them was young and tolerably well dressed, but his shirt, spotted with wine, his disordered hair, his pale face and

red eyes, announced that the last night had been devoted to Bacchus.

"Your health, my boy," said his companion, touching the young man's glass with his own.

"And here's to yours, devil in appearance though you be," replied the young man.

"The devil, why?"

"How did you know me?"

"Do you repent of having made my acquaintance?"

"Who told you I was a prisoner at St. Pelagie, and why did you release me?"

"Because I have a kind heart."

"Perhaps you like me as the butcher does the ox he is leading to the slaughter-house, for no one pays a thousand francs without a motive."

"I have a motive."

"What is it, tell me what you want with me?"

"To make you a companion that spends money freely, and passes his nights like the last one. Good wine and good cheer, pretty girls and merry songs; what do you think of these?"

After remaining silent for a moment, the young man replied with a sombre air: "Before I was let out of prison, why did you make it a condition of my liberation, that I should write to my mistress, telling her that I would not see her any more?"

"What! a sigh! you then think of her still! you are very wrong in so doing, for she is far away from Paris now. I saw her depart in a diligence before I came to release you from prison."

"Yes, I was sick of that prison, and would have sold my soul to the devil to get out of it. This you suspected; only instead of taking my soul, you have taken Cephysé. Poor queen! Tell me for what end you acted so?"

"A man that loves his mistress as you do yours, is always wanting in energy when occasion requires it."

"What occasion?"

"Let us drink."

"You make me drink too much brandy."

"Bah! Look at me."

"That is what frightens me—a bottle of brandy doesn't make you wink—you must have a head of iron."

"I have travelled a long time in Russia, where they drink to keep themselves warm."

"In telling me, a few minutes ago, that I was too foud of my mistress, and that I would be wanting in energy when the occasion arrived, what was it you alluded to?"

"Oh, let us drink."

"Wait a moment, comrade. I am not a greater fool than others. You know that

I have been a workman, and that I have a great many comrades, who are rather attached to me, and you wish to use me as a bait to catch others with."

"Continue."

"You must be the agent of some secret society for stirring up revolt."

"Are you a coward?"

"If I stood fire in July."

"So you will again."

"Revolutions are more agreeable than useful, for all that I got by the barricades of the three days, was a pair of burnt trousers; this is what the people have gained in my person."

"You know several of M. Hardy's workmen?"

"Ah! is it for that you have brought me here?"

"Yes, you will shortly see some of them."

"What! M. Hardy's workmen engage in a riot! They are too well off for that; you deceive yourself. What have they to complain of?"

"Will they, do you believe, remain deaf to the appeals of their less fortunate brethren, who have not so good a master, and are dying of hunger and misery? M. Hardy's men are coming here; you are their comrade, and have no interest in deceiving them; they will believe you; join with me in persuading them to quit their factory; for it is selfish to forget their poor brethren."

"But if they leave the factory, how will they live?"

"They will be provided for until the great day."

"And what will they have to do till then?"

"What you did last night—drink, laugh, and sing; and all the work that will be required of them, will be to accustom themselves to the management of arms. Will you aid me?"

"Yes; and so much the more readily, as I can hardly stand myself; Cephyse was all I cared for. Well, it is indifferent which way I go to the devil now; come, let us drink."

The landlord entered at this moment, and said that a young man, calling himself Olivier, wanted to see M. Morok.

"I am he, tell him to come up," said the young man's companion.

A few minutes after a frank, bold, and intelligent-looking youth entered the apartment—"Ah! is that Couche-tout-Nu?" cried he to Morok's companion.

"Yes, Olivier; it is an age since I saw you."

"But how is it you are alone?" inquired Morok; then he added, pointing to Couche-tout-Nu, "You can speak before him, he is on our side. How is it you are alone?"

"I am alone, but I come on the part of my comrades."

"Ah!" said Morok, with an air of satisfaction, "they consent?"

"No, they refuse, and I also."

"What, they refuse!" cried Morok, grinding his teeth with rage.

"Hear me," replied Olivier, calmly, "we have received your letters, and seen your agent, and have had proofs that he is connected with some secret societies."

"Well, why do you hesitate?"

"In the first place, nothing proves that these societies are ready for a movement."

"Do I not tell you they are?"

"Yes, he says so, and I affirm it; forward—march on," stammered Couche-tout-Nu.

"But that is not sufficient," replied Olivier; "besides, we have, after discussing this matter at great length, submitted it to father Simon, and he has convinced us that we ought to wait."

"Silence!" cried Couche-tout-Nu, as he stood listening, and striving to keep his balance; "I hear something like the noise of a crowd."

A low distant murmur was heard, which became formidable as it drew nearer.

"What is that?" inquired Olivier, with alarm.

"Now I remember," said Morok, with a sinister smile, "that there was great excitement in the village against the factory; if you and your comrades had separated yourselves from M. Hardy's other workmen, as I thought you would, these people, who are beginning to make a stir, would have been on your side instead of being against you."

"The intention of this meeting, then, was to set one part of M. Hardy's workmen against the other," said Olivier.

At this moment a terrible outburst of shouting and howling shook the tavern, and the landlord, pale and trembling, precipitately entered, saying, "Is there any one here belonging to M. Hardy's factory?"

"I do," replied Olivier.

"Then you are lost," said the landlord, "the Wolves are below, and they say that some of the Devourers employed by M. Hardy are here, and that they have come to have a battle with them, unless the latter consent to take part with the Wolves."

"I see, now," cried Olivier, "this was a snare laid for us."

"Let the Devourers come out and fight the Wolves, or else join them," shouted the excited mob.

"Come along," said the landlord, hurrying Olivier to a window that was close to the roof of an outhouse; "quick, save yourself," added he, "what can one do against so many?"

When Olivier had made his escape, the

landlord joined Morok, who was then going to the large room, in which the chiefs of the Wolves had just made their appearance. When Morok entered, there were from eight to ten of these men there; their features were flushed with wine and anger, and most of them were armed with long sticks. A quarryman, of herculean strength, with an old red handkerchief tied round his head, and miserably clad, appeared to direct the movement of this party; his eyes were bloodshot, and his countenance had a menacing and ferocious appearance. He advanced towards Morok, brandishing a heavy bar of iron in his hand, and said, in a voice of thunder, "Where are the Devourers? The Wolves want to fight them."

"The Wolves," replied Morok, "if they are not afraid, must go and howl round the factory of those atheistical miscreants, and then there will be a battle. Therefore, to the factory, my brave Wolves! to the factory!"

This suggestion was received with frenzied acclamation, and the Wolves, headed by the gigantic quarryman, marched, arm in arm, singing their war songs, to M. Hardy's factory. Morok and Couche-tout-Nu disappeared when the crowd was leaving the tavern.

CHAPTER XV.—THE COMMUNITY-HOUSE.

While the Wolves were preparing to make a savage attack on the Devourers, the factory of M. Hardy had on this morning a holiday appearance, perfectly in accordance with the serenity of the weather. It had just struck nine by the clock of the *Community-house*, which was separated from the workshops by a broad road, planted with trees. The sun was showering down his rays on this imposing mass of buildings, situated about a league from Paris, in a position as delightful as it was salubrious, whence could be seen the wooded and picturesque hills which on this side overlook the great city. Nothing could be more simple and animated than the aspect of these dwellings which M. Hardy had provided for his workmen.

Before, however, we proceed further in this description, which will perhaps appear somewhat imaginative, let it be understood that the wonders we are about to describe, must not be considered as utopian dreams, but as realities, in which capital had been safely and profitably invested. To undertake so grand and useful a scheme as that of providing a considerable number of human beings with comforts, which seem ideal when compared with the frightful lot to which the poor are almost always condemned; to instruct them, and elevate them in their own esteem; to cause them to prefer intellectual enjoyments to the degrading

pleasures of the tavern, where they escape from the consciousness of their miserable destiny; to render them moral and happy by a generous undertaking, which is easy of adoption; in short, to take a place among the benefactors of humanity, and at the same time make a profitable employment of capital, would appear fabulous; yet this was the secret of the wonders to which we allude.

Agricola, unaware of the disappearance of the Mayeux, was finishing his toilet with rather more care than usual, for the purpose of paying a visit to Angele. His lodging, which he occupied for the incredibly small sum of seventy-five francs a year, was situated on the second floor, and consisted of two apartments, a bedchamber and a sitting room, furnished with everything necessary for comfort and convenience. When he had finished his toilet to his satisfaction, he lightly descended the stairs, and crossing a bowling-green, in the centre of which a fountain was playing, he gained the other wing of the building where Angele and her mother resided. Angele, who might now be called Agricola's betrothed, fully justified the portrait he had drawn of her in his interview with the poor Mayeux. When Agricola entered she blushed slightly. "Mademoiselle," said he, "I am come to fulfil my promise, if your mother is willing."

"Certainly, Monsieur Agricola," cordially replied the mother, "she would not let either her father, her brother, or me show her over the building, because she wished to visit it with you to-day; she has been waiting an hour for you with great impatience."

"You will excuse me, mademoiselle," said Agricola, gaily, "for in thinking of the pleasure of seeing you I forgot the time."

"Monsieur Agricola," said Angele, blushing, while she put on her bonnet, "What a pity it is that your good, little, adopted sister is not with us."

"You are right, mademoiselle, but the visit she paid us yesterday will not be the last."

The young girl having embraced her mother, went out with Agricola. "Do you know, mademoiselle," said Agricola, "why I am so delighted with the pleasant task I am about to perform?"

"No, Monsieur Agricola."

"To show you this house, and explain to you the resources of our association, is to tell you, that here a workman, certain of both the present and the future, is not, like so many of his poor brethren, obliged to repress the dearest wish of his heart—the desire of choosing himself a companion for life fearful of increasing the misery of both." Angele looked down and blushed. "Here," continued Agricola, "a workman may, without anxiety, indulge in the hope

of possessing family enjoyments, for he will not afterwards be racked with seeing those that are dear to him subjected to misery and privation. In a word, to explain all this to you," added he, smiling tenderly, "is to prove to you that here nothing can be more rational than to love, and nothing wiser than to marry."

"Monsieur Agricola," replied Angele in a soft and tremulous tone, while she blushed still more deeply, "let us continue our promenade."

When Agricola had shown her over the building, he then led her into the garden. Shortly after this General Simon arrived on horseback, in the costume of a marshal of the empire, and, descending from his horse, he gave the reins to a servant, and, taking off his hat, he advanced to an old man with long white hair, and said, "Good day, father." He then embraced the old man, who returned his embrace with tenderness. The old man, seeing that his son still kept his hat in his hand, said, "Put your hat on, my boy;" then he added, smiling, "how fine you are to-day."

"I have just come from a review, father, not far from here, and profiting by this circumstance have come to pay you a visit."

"But where are my grand-daughters—shall I not see them to-day?"

"They are coming in a carriage, accompanied by Dagobert."

"You seem thoughtful to-day, what is the matter?"

"I have," said the Marshal, in a grave tone, "some serious matters for your consideration."

"Then come with me," said the old man, leading the way to his apartments.

Angele was quite astonished to find that the father of this officer, who was called a duke, was an old workman, and she said, "Who is that old man, Monsieur Agricola?"

"The father of the Duke of Ligny, who is my father's friend," added Agricola, proudly.

"But why does he allow his father to remain a workman?"

"Because the father, who has been all his life a workman, wishes to die one, notwithstanding he has a son who is a duke and a marshal of France."

(To be continued.)

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF MORNINGTON.

William Pole Tynley Long Wellesley, earl of Mornington, viscount Wellesley, who assumed the additional surnames of Tynley Long, on his marriage with Catherine, eldest daughter of sir James

Tynley Long, bart., of Wanstead House, in the county of Essex, since deceased; and subsequently to Mrs. Bligh, formerly wife of colonel Bligh. His lordship is now in his fifty-eighth year. He succeeded to the peerage on the death of his father, Feb. 25th, 1845. He has issue by both marriages.



Arms.—Pole-Wellesley. (baron Maryborough, an earl of Mornington) Quarterly, first and fourth azure semé of fleur-de-lis, or a lion rampant guardant argent. for Pole. Second gules, a cross argent between five plates in each quarter saltierwise, for Wellesley. Third or, a lion rampant gules, for Colley.

First crest.—A lion's gamb erect, and erased gules, armed, or, for Pole.

Second crest.—Out of a ducal coronet or, a demi lion rampant holding a forked pennon gules, flowing to the sinister; one-third per pale from the staff argent, charged with a cross of St. George, for Wellesley.

Third crest.—A cubit arm, erect vested gules cuffed argent, holding in the hand a scymitar ppr., pommell and hilt or. The arm enfiled with a ducal coronet. gold.

Supporters.—The dexter, a lion gu., holding in the off paw the republican flag of France, inscribed, "Republic of France," within a wreath of laurel, the staff all ppr.; sinister, the royal tiger, guardant, vert, spotted, or, supporting in the off paw the Mysore standard, staff also broken, all ppr. both supporters ducally gorged and chained, gold.

First motto.—Over the crest of Colley,—"Virtute fortuna."—"Success is the companion of valour."

Second motto.—"Porro unum est necessarium."—"Moreover one thing is useful."

This eminent family deduces its descent paternally from Walter Cowley, esquire, solicitor-general of Ireland in 1837, who, on surrendering that office, in 1546, to John Rathe, was appointed, by patent, dated 5th November, 1548, surveyor-general of the kingdom. The elder son and heir of this learned person, Sir Henry Colley, of Castle Carbery, was a personage of considerable influence in the reign of queen Elizabeth. He was succeeded by his son, grandson, and great-grandson, whose eldest daughter married Garrett Wesley, esquire, Danyan, in the county of Meath. His sons dying without issue, the estates devolved upon his cousin, Richard Colley, esquire, on that gentleman's assumption of

the arms and surname of Wellesley. In 1713, Mr. Colley had been appointed second chamberlain of the court of exchequer in Ireland, and sat in parliament for the borough of Trim, and was elevated to the peerage of Ireland, July 9, 1746, by the title of baron of Mornington. He was succeeded by his only son, Garr. II, second baron, born July 19, 1735, who was advanced to the dignities of viscount Wesley, of Dungan Castle, and earl of Mornington, in the county of Meath, October 2, 1760. His lordship married, February 6, 1759, Anne, eldest daughter of Arthur Hill, first viscount Dungannon, and had his issue, Richard, marquis Wellesley; William, created baron Maryborough, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, became heir presumptive to the Irish earldom of Mornington, and the inferior titles. The late peer was long connected with the public service of the country; he was known at different periods as the Hon. William Wesley; subsequently the ancient spelling being restored, he was the hon. William Wellesley. In 1784 he married the eldest daughter of Admiral Forbes, grand-daughter of the third earl of Granard, and on her mother's side grand-daughter also of the third earl of Essex. He assumed the surname of Pole, on succeeding to the estates of his cousin, William Pole, Esq., of Ballyfin, in the Queen's County. As the hon. William Wellesley Pole, he succeeded his brother, the duke of Wellington, then sir Arthur Wellesley, in the chief secretaryship of Ireland, and afterwards for a short period filled the office of chancellor of the exchequer for that part of the United Kingdom. In 1817 and 1818, on the issue of the new silver coinage of George III, he held the office of master of the mint. During the administration of the earl of Liverpool, and subsequently, he also filled at different periods the offices of lord privy seal, postmaster-general, and master of the buck hounds. His lordship represented the Queen's county for several years in the imperial parliament, and ceased to do so only upon his elevation to the peerage by the title of baron Maryborough, on the occasion of the coronation of George IV. His lordship succeeded to the Irish title on the death of his brother, second earl of Mornington and marquis Wellesley, September 26th, 1842. The deceased was the second son of Garrett, first earl of Mornington, and brother to the late marquis Wellesley, the duke of Wellington, lord Cowley, and the hon. and rev. G. V. Wellesley. His lordship is succeeded in the family honours by his only son, the present peer.

HARBOURS OF REFUGE ON THE SOUTH-EASTERN COAST OF ENGLAND.

BY EDWARD PORTWINE.

NO. V.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,—Having brought the reader by gestures to the grand tower, at the commencement of Romney Marsh, and to a coast exceedingly shallow, I cannot help adding a few sentences relative to the famous level, over which the eye, looking to the west, in vain seeks the termination. Not a hill or tree breaks the outline—all is sameness, excepting the luxuriance of pasture lands, dotted with innumerable heads of cattle, can relieve the gaze of the traveller. Leland, in his quaint notices of this part of Kent, imagines that the British Channel once reached to the ridge of side hills to the foot of Lympne hill, rich in umbrageous forestry and pasture, at the summit of which stands in excellent preservation the remains of an ancient castle and church of the village of that name. The distance from the grand tower on the sea to the military canal which reposes in sluggishness at the foot of the ridge, is about two miles. The opinion of Leland, that the sea reached this point, is not without foundation, for the remains of animals, fossils, and shells, are frequently discovered amidst the soil, which is remarkably light. It is also evident that the town of Hythe reached to a place two miles and a half west of that port, as there is a village and a church in ruins, now called "West Hythe;" and about half a mile further west, on the side hills beyond the forest, the remains of a ruin called Staudfall Castle, now little more than dwarf walls, with numerous foundations, are still remaining, which indicates that here the Romans built their fortifications, which was formerly close to the strand of the British Channel.

Fussell, in an eloquently written work on Kent, remarks that while surveying these interesting ruins, he was for hours endeavouring to detach two fragments of rock from each other, but the cement defied his efforts, even after so many centuries had elapsed. He supposed that the atmosphere, with other causes, would have rendered his experiment easy. The old church at West Hythe has only its walls of rock still standing. A large tree very recently, and perhaps does now, flourish within the area of the rootless building, as if to afford the sacred edifice that shelter which the negligent hand of man ungratefully denies. A piggery also desecrates the walls where the voices of christian worship once resounded to the throne of the Most High.

At the grand tower commences the fa-

mous Dymchurch wall, an embankment of about twenty-five feet above the level of the sea. This wall was found indispensable to the preservation of the level against the encroachment of the waters, so if Leland be correct, the sea has, in some instances receded from two to four miles; and this wall was considered the only protection to the cattle and land—the latter is the most valuable in the county. Until within the last twelvemonth, carriages passed on the top of this embankment, but it was found destructive to the works, and now for the whole of the distance between the grand tower and termination of the wall, about three miles, the traveller loses the marine views which are so beautiful. Some years since, the incline from this embankment to the high water point and below it, was studded or thatched with twigs or faggots, secured by piles driven into the shingle, in order to break the force of the waves which at this part of the coast dash with tremendous fury. This contrivance was but of small utility in rough weather, as the sea at spring, or even ordinary tides, inundated the marshes, destroying the cattle, and poisoning the pasture land. Science in its resistless course, has penetrated into this locale, and the lords of the level have recently substituted rock for wood, repaired the damages of former years, and abolished travelling on the top of the embankment, thus affording a greater security for property. Between thirty and forty years since, frightful wrecks were of constant occurrence on the sands at the grand tower; the remains of large vessels are supposed to lie imbedded within their engulfing bowels to this day. Smuggling was also exceedingly prevalent here, until the coast guard was established; and but a few hundred yards from this embankment to the north may be seen engraved on the sward, words commemorating the sanguinary struggles between the government officers and the bold smugglers of the coast, while in several other places the turf is cut to the memory of the victims who have fallen in the furious contest caused by the revenue laws.

Numerous tales of romantic interest connected with that subject, might be placed on record by the writer, on man's daring, and woman's devotion. But this is not my avocation at present, although I may be tempted to flesh my pen in such an occupation hereafter.

At the commencement of Dymchurch embankment, the sands are observed stretching to an immense distance from the wall, at low water spreading their treacherous, beautiful, and bespangled appearance under a summer sun glittering like gems. The traveller who, beguiled by their carpet-like appearance, ventures on

them will do well to observe the tide, as should the ebb once commence, and he is ignorant of it, ten to one but he is engulfed. As a proof of the danger of these sands, I will relate a circumstance which occurred to myself last autumn, which is germane to this subject, inasmuch as it will prove how unfit this part of the coast is for a harbour of any magnitude. One fine morning being at Hythe, and feeling desirous to proceed on my route to New Romney and from thence to Dungeness, I selected as the most eligible for my purpose as a pedestrian the sea shore, for I did not rush with steam power along the coast. I commenced my trip from Hythe strand, and walked leisurely but laboriously on the heavy beach until I arrived at the grand tower. Nothing that I have seen throughout my wanderings in many lands ever struck me as more calmly beautiful than this enchanting strand, free from shoals, unchoked by shingle, and devoid of rocks. This is true of this part of the coast, until the traveller arrives at the tower, then commences those sands on which I was tempted to trust myself. The tide was extremely low; the sands glittered and appeared hard, yet moist. The day was extremely hot. I walked on the soil with a sense of pleasure most gratifying, from the contrast it afforded to the heavy stones which had so long galled my feet. With my coat on my arm I travelled far out to the water's edge without any other feeling than a sense of the sublime and beautiful, by which my whole soul was absorbed. I heeded not the distance from the strand, for I was traversing the obliterated footsteps of my childhood and youth. The freshness of those days were again renewed—the hopes, the fears of my early years seemed to appear—the fadeless hue gleamed brighter on my soul, and a past existence thus conjured up before my vision, made my heart glad. When lo! my dreaming plunged me into a quicksand to my knees. Startled—I plunged deeper, until a sense of danger taught me to attempt a retrograde motion. This was not so easy a task; however, after having besmeared myself to my hips, I succeeded by crawling on all fours, nearly smothered with the filthiest soil ever placed before my olfactories, to a firmer sand. I then perceived that the tide had commenced flowing, and there I was begrimed, nearly blind, and fatigued with the violent exertions I had made to emerge from what I have thought since would have been certain death. I ran for my life, but the water travelled faster, until bewildered, my presence of mind nearly failing me. In this confusion, I plunged into another fearful quicksand, and I struggled in vain, the more energetic my efforts, the deeper I

sank. I had now only my arms and head above the sand, the whole of my body immersed in this horrid gulph; still the more I strove, the farther I disappeared from all hope. Providence, however, sent me succour from that element which I had made such herculean efforts to escape from a few minutes before. The wind that had been as gentle as a zephyr, scarcely sufficient to fan a lady's cheek, rose to a gentle breeze, which wafted the waves in quick succession over my devoted head. I did not experience fear. I did not tremble. I cannot, of course, account for this remarkable phenomenon in my mind at that moment.

On, on came the waves dashing their spray aloft with fury, and thumping my person,—another foaming wave deprived me of my coat and hat. The moment the saline element dashed around me, that instant I experienced a relief in my position, the waters gurgled into the sand—I struggled—the soil became loosened—and as the next wave dashed on and around me, I made a prodigious effort, and the next instant I was swimming on the water to the strand. Then when lying on the beach, panting, breathless, safe and free from injury, I trembled like an aspen, my whole frame quivered with intense emotion; yes, when all that could induce a sense of fear had vanished I feared, but I was thankful for my deliverance, and departed on my way rejoicing, and arrived at my destination in a plight not very enviable; in fact, my relations seemed to doubt my identity. This accident proves that these sands, from the grand tower to Romney, are fraught with danger, similar to the Goodwin off Deal, which have swallowed up their millions of human lives, and quadrupled those lives in pounds' value of property which have been devoured by the monstrous caverns below its dangerous surface. Dymchurch and Romney sands, are more extensive as they approach that curve which conducts the surveyor to Dungeness Point, where, doubtless, the reader has for some time desired me to approach. I shall not keep her or him in suspense. I merely detain them to mention that neither Dymchurch—which is a pretty quiet village on the verge of the channel, and situated in a most fertile region, nor New Romney, which is much larger than Dymchurch, and from which the fertile marsh derives its name, an interesting town with hospitable inhabitants, not at all curious, or censorious, but deeply anxious for the improvement of their condition, and the locality—are eligible for the works I desire to see executed on this coast. The latter town is about three miles from the strand, which consists of sand-banks, which are constantly inundated by the tides, and the

hard sand, which is the upper crust of the soft soil on this part, extends itself for two or three miles westward, while eastward it is amalgamated with the Dymchurch sands. Therefore these places are not thought of by the practical engineer as sites for harbours of refuge. I now approach Dungeness over a wilderness of beach, which lies, like the unbroken outline of a desert before me. The inhabitants of Romney and Lydd are compelled to wear what they denominate "baxters" on their feet to cross this toilsome waste. There are no roads to guide them or the stranger, excepting those made at low water on the strand, which are erased by the constant action of the waves of the sea. Having performed my promise of conducting my readers to the vicinity of Dungeness, I must reserve my remarks on this point and surrounding neighbourhood until another week.

On Wednesday last, March 5 (see the Times), Mr. Masterman, member for London, asked the government in the house of Commons whether it was their intention to bring forward this session, any measure relative to shipwrecks. (hear).

Sir Robert Peel said that his hon. friend, the late president of the board of trade, had two bills prepared on that subject, and he had no doubt that they or two other measures would be brought in by his hon. friend in a week or two (hear, hear).

Mr. Masterman was pleased at the intimation (hear).

On Thursday, the 6th, Lord Colchester, in the Lords, and Mr. Rice, the member for Dover, in the Commons, moved for the report of the committee on shipwrecks, in order to ascertain the best sites for harbours of refuge, which motions were agreed to.

The existence of these bills I was perfectly aware of, and I trust as the ministers, having these papers before them, that they will inquire into my statements before deciding on the places in which to construct the harbours, for I have an opinion that they will decide on Dover, Dungeness, or Beachy Head.

(To be continued.)

THE VICINITY OF OLD ROME.

"The eternal city" is viewed with an interest which no time can abate, but some of the scenes which it exhibits in modern days are little in accordance with the ideas the traveller loves to cherish, when he approaches the scene of Coriolanus's triumph, and the spot where Brutus fell. We feel for the classical gentleman whose eyes, after entering the city, first rested on a placard, announcing for sale "Day and Martin's Blacking."

Its vicinity, however, presents numerous memorials of the past, which attest the grandeur of Rome in other days. In "The Improvisatore," by Andersen, a Danish writer, we have a striking picture of the surrounding space, as translated by Mary Howett. The hero of the tale, Antonio, visits it, and thus descants on what he sees:—

"The immense desert which lies around old Rome was now my home. The stranger from beyond the mountains, who, full of love for art and antiquity, approaches the city of the Tiber for the first time, sees a vast page of the world in the parched-up desert; the isolated mounds here are all holy cyphers, entire chapters of the world's history. Painters sketch the solitary standing arch of a ruined aqueduct, the shepherd who sits under it with his flock figures on the paper; they give the golden thistle in the foreground, and people say that it is a beautiful picture. With what an entirely different feeling my conductor and I regarded the immense plain! The burnt-up grass; the unhealthy summer air, which always brings to the dwellers of the Campagna, fevers and malignant sickness, were, doubtless, the shadow side of his passing observations. To me there was a something novel in all; I rejoiced to see the beautiful mountains, which in every shade of violet-colour inclosed one side of the plain; the wild buffalo, and the yellow Tiber, on whose shore oxen with their long horns went bending under the yoke, and drawing a boat against the stream. We proceeded in the same direction. Around us we saw only short, yellow grass, and tall half-withered thistles. We passed a crucifix, which had been raised as a sign that some one had been murdered there, and near to it hung a portion of the murderer's body, an arm and a foot; this was frightful to me, and all the more so as it stood not far from my new home. This was neither more nor less than one of the old decayed tombs, of which so many remain here from the most ancient times. Most of the shepherds of the Campagna dwell in these, because they find in them all that they require for shelter, nay even for comfort. They excavate one of the vaults, open a few holes, lay on a roof of reeds, and the dwelling is ready. Ours stood upon a height, and consisted of two stories. Two Corinthian pillars at the narrow door-way bore witness to the antiquity of the building, as well as three broad buttresses to its after-repairs. Perhaps it had been used in the middle ages as a fort; a hole in the wall above the door served as a window; one half of the roof was composed of a sort of reed and of twigs, the other half consisted of living bushes, from among which the honeysuckle hung down in rich masses

over the broken wall. 'See, here we are!' said Benedetto; and it was the first word he had said to me on the whole way."

The manner in which Antonio describes himself to have been lodged, beats that which thrilled Gil Blas in the robbers' cave. He had a grave at the foot of his bed, but in the hotel to which the Improvisatore betakes himself, his bed is a grave.

"Domenica prepared the table and Benedetto blessed the food; when he had had enough, the old mother took me up a ladder, through the broken vault in the wall, to the second story, where we all slept in two great niches which had once been graves. In the farthest was the bed which had been prepared for me; beside it stood two posts supporting a third, from which swung a sort of cradle, made of sail-cloth, for a little child; I fancy Mariuccia's; it was quite still. I laid myself down; a stone had fallen out of the wall, and through the opening I could see the blue air without, and the dark ivy which, like a bird, moved itself in the wind. As I laid myself down there ran a thick, bright-coloured lizard over the wall, but Domenica consoled me by saying that the poor little creature was more afraid of me than I of it; it would do me no harm! and, after repeating over me an Ave Maria, she took the cradle over into the other niche where she and Benedetto slept. I made a sign of the holy cross, thought on my mother, on the Madonna, on my new parents, and on the executed robber's bloody hand and foot which I had seen near the house, and these all mingled strangely in my dreams this first night."

THE BLOOD OF THE SCORPION A CURE FOR ITS BITE.

Mr. Johnson, in his recently published travels in Southern Abyssinia, writes: "I continued nailing the boxes, teaching Zaido the use of a hammer and a nail passer, when, attempting to lift over one of the packages, I placed my hand under its lower edge, and was suddenly made aware, by a severe sting, in the ball of my thumb, that some reptile had located itself beneath. In an agony of anxious curiosity, I pushed over the box, and then exposed to view a large scorpion, at least an inch and a half in diameter. The pain for the moment was intense, shooting rapidly along my arm into the shoulder and neck, and as I had been taught to believe, that the most serious consequences would arise from a wound of such a description, I looked at it very seriously for a few moments, with all the contentment of despair; the loss of all hope had made me more tranquil than in my moral philosophy I had ever conceived would have been the case. The pain, however, like sharp

rheumatic touches, soon called me back to reasonable expression, and excessive suffering made me stamp again, causing Zaido and the others to laugh immoderately. They made chase, however, after the reptile, which was hastily running off, with his tail curved high over his back, and sting displayed, in a high state of irritation, no doubt. It was very soon stopped by one of the Alcees dropping, after several attempts, the butt-end of his spear upon it, and holding it down till Zaido, with the nail-passer, had amputated the last joint of the tail, which supported the sting. He then took the animal up, tore it ruthlessly into pieces, and began to rub the wound in my hand with the ichorous-looking juice which, instead of blood, appears to circulate through the animal. I was also comforted in my mind by assurances that all would be well in an hour, for the knife, as my friends called the sting, was a very small one. I learnt from this occurrence, that the Dankalli do not consider the sting of the scorpion of their country dangerous; and it is well that it is not so, for they are found in any quantity underneath every large stone. Sometimes on rolling one over, in the shallow depression of the ground, I have noticed the entrance to a nest of these nauseous-looking reptiles; and on removing a little of the soil, perhaps I should unearth an old one as large as a crown piece, semi-transparent, of a dirty mottled yellow colour, with about ten or a dozen young ones, like so many huge spiders, running about in all directions, as if fully aware of their situation, and that no endeavours would be spared to destroy the whole family party. As it is useful to observe coincidental ideas upon subjects somewhat related, which are entertained by very different and distinct nations, I may be allowed to remark the resemblance between the remedy on this occasion, and which was quite sufficient for the cure, and that which is adopted by the lower orders in Scotland at the present time to counteract the effects of the bite of a viper. It is usual among them to kill and flay the reptile, and the moist inner surface of the skin is then well rubbed over the wound, as were the separated portions of the scorpion in my case by the Dankalli."

The Satherer.

Manufacturing Artificial Marble.—A method of manufacturing marble has been discovered in America, which is pronounced superior to any other artificial stone or marble in use, and will supersede the use of lime mortar in the varied processes of plastering, and will be extensively used for stucco work, mosaic, stutuary, mantle-pieces, table slabs, atmospheric and hydrau-

lic cement, roofing of houses, paving of streets, &c. It will set or harden in six hours when applied in plastering houses. It will resist the action of atmospheric heat, damp, frost, &c., and is susceptible of a high polish, and can be manufactured at a cost little exceeding ordinary lime mortar.

Valuable Recipe.—As the weather is very variable just now, and catarrhs considerably prevalent, we copy the following recipe for a cold from the note-book of a Kentucky physician. Take a lump of sugar-candy, one teaspoonful of lampblack, a small quantity of hartshorn drops, add a moderate wine glass of castor oil, spread this upon toasted cheese, and take about a pound and a half on going to bed.—*Great Gun.*

Two Stars.—When poor Power was starrng it at the Adelphi, one night, being in his dressing room, he was told that Mr. O'Connell wished to see him. Power replied, he should be most happy to receive the other Irish star. The weather was unusually warm; and a few moments afterwards, he saw the Liberator enter, determined to be quite at his ease, carrying his wig in his hand. Their greeting was most cordial; and Mr. O'Connell highly praised the actor for the portraits he had given of his countrymen.

Ancient Charter.—The original charter of the lands of Powmode, in the year 1057, was lately discovered by accident in an old chest. It runs as follows:—"I, Malcolm Kanmore, the king, the first of my reign given to the Barren Hunter uper and nether lands of Powmode with all the bounds within the flood with the Hoop and Hoop-town and all the bounds up and down above the earth to heaven and all below the earth to hell as free to thee and thine as ever God gave to me and mine and that for a bow and a broad arrow when I come to hunt upon yarrow and for the mair faith I bite the white wax with my teeth before Margrate, my wife and Mall my nurse. Sic subscribitur, Malcolm Kanmore, King, Margrat. witness, Mall. witness."

Newspaper Pathos.—The snow lies on the ground, the ice is tolerably thick, and cold winds, with sleet, render fire-side luxuries—such particularly as coming over our admirable WARDER—peculiarly attractive. Next week we shall have "the parliament," with dense columns of parliamentary loquacity—choaking up our gaiety—smothering all our *jeux d'esprit*—and, in short, de-throning us from our chair of pleasant narrative—and more is the pity.—*Warder,*

CORRESPONDENTS.

E. H.—We shall be glad to see the tale mentioned.

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